Subject: "Re-enforcement."

TEXT: "Lord, increase our faith."-Luke

"What a pity he is going there!" said my friend, a most distinguished general of the army, when he was fold that the reason for my not being present on a celebrated day in Brooklyn was that on that day I had sailed for the Holy Land. "Why do you say that?" inquired some one. My military friend re-plied, "Oh, he will be disillusioned when he gets amidst the squalor and commonplace scenes of Palestine, and his faith will be shaken in Christianity, for that is often the The great general misjudged the

I went to the Holy Land for the one pur-pose of having my faith strengthened, and that was the result which came of it. In all our journeying, in all our reading, in all our associations, in all our plans, augmentation rather than the depletion of our faith should be our chief desire. It is easy enough to have our faith destroyed. I can give you a recipe for its obliteration. Read infidel books, have long and frequent conversations with skeptics, attend the lectures of those antagonistic to religion, give full swing to some bad habit, and your faith will be so completely gone that you will laugh at the idea that you ever had any.

If you want to ruin your faith, you can do

it more easily than you can do anything else. After believing the Bible all my life I can see a plain way by which, in six weeks, I could enlist my voice and pen and heart and head and entire nature in the bombardment of the Scriptures and the church and all I nowhold Scriptures and the church and all I now hold sacred. That it is easy to banish soon and forever all respect for the Bible I prove by the fact that so many have done it. They were not particularly brainy nor had special force of vall, but they so thoroughly accomplished the overthrow of their faith that they have no more idea that the Bible is true, or that Christianity amounts to anything, than they have in the truth of the "Arabian Nights" Entertainments" or the existence of Don

Entertainments' or the existence of Don Quixote's "windmills." They have destroyed their faith so thoroughly that they never will kave a return of it. Fifty revivals of religion may sweep over

Fifty revivals of religion may sweep over the city, the town, the neighborhood where they live, and they will feel nothing but a silent or expressed disgust. There are per-sons in this house to-day who 20 years ago gave up their faith, and they will never re-sume it. The black and deep toned bell of doom hangs over their head, and I take the doom hangs over their head, and I take the hammer of that bell, and I strike it three times with all my might, and it sounds, woe! woe! But my wish, and the wish of most of you, is the prayer expressed by the disciples of Jusus Christ in the words of my text, "Lord, increase our faith."

The first mode of accomplishing this is to struck the Fible itself. I do not believe there.

study the Bible itself. I do not believe there is an infidel now alive who has read the Bible through. But as so important a docu-ment needs to be read at least twice through in order that it may be thoroughly under-stood, and read in course, I now offer \$100 reward to any infidel who has read the Bible through twice and read it in course. But I cannot take such a man's own word for it, for there is no foundation for integrity except the Bible, and the man who rejects the source of truth how can I accept his truth-

So I must have another witness in the case before I give the reward. I must have the testimony of some one who has seen him testimony of some one who has seen him read it all through twice. Infidels fish in this Bible for incoherencies and contradictions and absurdities, and if you find their Bible you will see interlineations in the book of Jonah and some of the chapters of that unfortunate prophet nearly worn out by much use, and some parts of II Samuel or I Kings you will find dim with finger marks, but the pages which contain the Ten Commandments, and the Psalms of David, and the sermen on the mount, and the book of John the Evangelist, will not have a single lead pencil stroke in the margin, nor any finger marks

stroke in the margin, nor any finger marks showing frequent perusal.

The father of one of the Presidents of the United States was a pronounced infidel. I knew it when many years ago I accepted his invitation to spend the night in his home. Just before retiring at night he said in a joccase way "I suppose you are accustomed." jocose way, "I suppose you are accustomed to read the Bible before going to bed, and here is my Bible from which to read." He then told me what portions he would like to have me read, and he only asked for those portions on which he could easily be face

You know you can make fun about anything. I suppose you could take the last let-ter your father or mother ever wrote and find something in the grammar or the spolling or the tremor of the penmanship about which to be derisively critical. The internal evidence of the truthfulness of the Bible is so mighty that no one man out of the 1,600,000,-

mighty that no one man out of the 1,000,000,000,000 of the world's present population or the vaster millions of the past ever read the Bible in course, and read it prayerfully and carefully, but was led to believe it.

John Murray, the famous book publisher of Edinburgh, and the intimate friend of Southey, Coleridge, Walter Scott, Canning and Washington Irving, bought of Moore, the poet, the "Memoirs of Lord Byron," and they were to be published after Byron's they were to be published after Byron's death. But they were not fit to be published, although Murray had paid for them \$10,000. That was a solemn conclave when eight of the prominent literary people of those times assembled in Albemarle street after Byron's death to decide what should be done with the "Memoirs," which were charged and surcharged with defamations and indelicacies. The "Memoirs" were read and pondered, and the decision came that they must be burned, and not until the word of those "Memoirs" went to ashes did

the literary company separate.

But suppose, now, all the best spirits of all ages were assembled to decide the fate of the Bible, which is the last will and testament of our Heavenly Father, and these memoirs of our Lord Jesus, what would be the verdict? Shall they burn, or shall they live? The unanimous verdict of all is, "Let them live, though all else burn." Then put Then put together on the other hand all the debauch and profligates and assassins of the ages,

and their unanimous verdict concerning the Bible would be, "Let it burn."

Mind you, I do not say that all infidels are immortal, but I do say that all the scrape-graces and scoundrels of the universe agree graces and scoundrels of the universe agree with them about the Bible. Let me vote with those who believe in the Holy Scripture. Men believe other things with half the evidence required to believe the Bible. The distinguished Abner Kneeland rejected the Scripture and then put all his money into an enterprise for the recovery of that hocus poous "Captain Kidd's tressures," Kneeland's faith for doing so being founded on a man's statement that he could tell where those treasures were buried from the looks of a glass of water dipped from the 'Hudson' glass of water dipped from the Hudson River.

The internal evidence of the authenticity of the Scriptures is so exact and so vivid that no man, honest and sane, can thoroughly and continuously and prayerfully read them without entering their discipleship. So I put that internal evidence paramount. How are you led to believe in a tatter you re-ceived from husband or wife or child or frien?? You know the handwriting. You know the style. You recognize the senti-ment. When the letter comes, you do not summon the postmaster who stamped it, and the postmaster who received it, and the let-ter carrier who brought it to your door to prove that it is a genuing letter. The internal

evidence settles it, and by the same process you can forever settle the fact that the Bible is the handwriting and communication of Furthermore, as I have already intimated, we may increase our faith by the testimony of others. Perhaps we of lesser brain may have been overcome by superstition of cajoled into an acceptance of a hollow pretension. So I will this morning turn this house into a courtroom and summon witnesses, and you shall be the jury, and I now impanel you for that purpose, and I will put upon the witness stand men whom all the

world acknowledge to be strong intellectually and whose evidence in any other courtroom ould be incontrovertible. I will not call would be incontrovertible. I will not call to the witness stand any minister of the Gospel, for he might be prejudiced.

There are two ways of taking an oath in a courtroom. One is by putting the lips to the Bible and the other is by holding up the right hand toward heaven. Now, as in this case it is the Bible that is on trial, we will not ask the witness to put the book to his lips, for that would imply that the sanctify and divinity of the book is settled, and that would be begging the question. So I shall ask each witness to lift his hand toward heaven

Salmon P. Chase, chief justice of the su-preme court of the United States appointed by President Lincoln, will take the witness oy President Encour, will take the with six stand. "Chief Justice Chase, upon your oath, please state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my fife when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved, as a lawyer and judge,

I would try the book as I would try anything in the courtroom, taking evidence for and against. It was a long and serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to fol-low its teachings." "Judge, that will do. Go back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio

Next I put upon the witness stan l a President of the United States—John Quincey Adams. President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Christianity?" The President replies. "I have for many years wade it a president read through the Bible made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after arising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable and austible mine of knowledge and virtue. Next I put upon the witness stand Sir Isaac Newton, the author of the "Principia" and the greatest natural philosopher the world has ever seen. "Sir Isaac, waat have you to say concerning the Bible?" The philosopher's reply is, "We account the philosopher's reply is, "We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime

philosophy."

Next I put upon the witness stand the enchantment of letters, Sir Walter Scott, and when I ask him what he thinks of the place that our great book ought to take among other books he replies, "There is but one book, and that is the Bible."

Next I put upon the stand the most famous geologist of all time, Hugh Miller, an elder of Dr. Guthrie's Presbyterian church in Edinburgh, and Faraday and Kepler, and they all festily to the same thing. They all say

all testily to the same thing. They all say the Bible is from God, and that the mightiest

the Bible is from God, and that the migniest influence for good that ever touched our world is Christianity. "Chancellor Kent, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind "

"Edmund Burke, what do you think of the Bible!" Answer: "I have read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for sinch practing." or such reading.

Next I put upon the stand William E. Glad-stone, the head of the English government, and I hear him saying what he said to me in January of 1890, when in reply to his tele-gram, "Pray come to Hawarden to-morrow," I visited him. Then and there I asked him I visited him. Then and there I asked him as to whether in the passage of years his faith in the Holy Scriptures and Christianity was on the increase or decrease, and he turned upon me with an emphasis and enthusiasm such as no one who has not conversed with him can fully appreciate and expressed by voice and gesture and illumined countenance his ever increasing faith in Go I and the Bible and Christianity as the only hope of our and Christianity as the only hope of our ruined world. "That is all, Mr. Gladstone, we will take of your time now, for, from the reports of what is going on in England just now, I think you are very busy."

now, I think you are very busy."

The next man I put upon the witness stand is the late Earl of Kintore, and I ask him what he thinks of Christianity, and hereplies. "Why do you ask me that? Did you not hear me preach Christ in the Midnight Mission of London?" "Oh, yes' I remember!" Rot I see many witnesses present to Mission of London? Only yes I remember!" But I see many witnesses present to-day in the courtroom, and I call you to the witness stand, but I have only a second of time for any one of you. As you pass along just give me one sentence in regard to Chrisjust give me one sentence in regard to Christianity. "Under God it has changed my entire nature," says one. "It brought me from drunkenness and poverty to sobriety and a good home," says another. "It solaced me when I lost my child," says another. "It gave me a hope of future treasures when my property was swent off by the last panie." property was swept off by the last panic," says another. "It has given me a peace and says another. "It has given me a peace and satisfaction more to me than all the world beside," says another. "It has been to me light and music and fragrance and radiant anticipation," says another. Ah! stop the procession of witnesses. Enough! Enough! All those voices of the past and present have mightly increased our faith. mightly increased our faith.

Again, our belief is re-enforced by ar-chæological exploration. We must confess that good men at one time were afraid of geologist's hammer and chemist's crucibie and archmologist's investigation, but intelligent Christians are receiving and still expecting nothing but confirmation from all such sources. What supports the Palestine Exploration Society? Contributions from churches and Christian benefactors. I saw the marks of the shove's of that exploring society amid the ruins of ancient Jericho and all up and down from the Dead Sea to Casarea Philippi. "Dig away!" says the church of God, "and the deeper you dig the better I like.

The discovered monuments of Egypt have chiseled on them the story of the sufferings of the Israelites in Egyptian bondage, as we find it in the Bible—there, in imperishable stone, representations of the slave, of the whips and of the taskmasters who compelled making of bricks without straw. Exhumed Nineveh and Babylon, with their dusty lips, declared the Bible true. Napol-con's soldiers in the Egyptian campaign pried up a stone, which you may find in the British museum, a stone, as I remember it, representing perhaps two feet of lettered surface. It contains words in three languages. The stone was the key that unlocked the meaning of all the hieroryphics of tombs and obelisks an ! tells over and over again the

same events which Moses recorded.

The sulphurous graves of Sodom and Gomorrah have been identified. The remains of the tower of Babel have been found. Assyrian documents lifted from the sand and Behistun inscription hundreds of fect high up on the rock echo and re-echo the truth of Bible history. The signs of the time indicate that almost every fact of the Bible from lid to lid will find its corroboration in ancient city disentombed, or ancient wall cleared from the dust of ages, or ancient document unrolled by archæologist.

Before the world rolls on as far into the twentieth century as it has already rolled into the ninsteenth an infidel will be a man who does not believe his own senses, and the volumes now critical and denunciatory of the Bible, if not entirely devastated by the book-worms, will be taken down from the shelf as curiosities of ignorance or idiocy. All success to the pickaxes and crowbars and powder blasting of those apostles of archeological exploration. I like the ringing defiance of the old Huguenots to the assailants of Christianity "Pound away, you rebels! Your hammers break, but the anvil of God's word stants."

ord stands."

How wenderful the old book hangs together. It is a library made up of 66 books and written by at least 39 authors. It is a supernatural thing that they have stuck to-gether. Take the writings of any other 33 authors, or any 10 authors, or any 5 authors and put them together, and how long would they stay together? Books of "elegant extracts" compiled from many authors are proverbially short lived. I never knew one

such book which, to use the publisher's phrase, "had life in it" for five years.

Why is it that the Bible, made up of the wiltings of at least 39 authors, has kept to-gether for a long line of centuries when the natural tendency would have been to fly apart like loose sheets of paper when a gust of wind blows upon them? It is because God stuck them together and keeps them to-gether. But for that Joshua would have wandered off in one direction, and Paul into another, and Ezekiel into another, and Ha-bakkuk into another, and the 39 authors into 39 directions

nyson and Longfellow, or any part of them, together. How long would they stay together? No book bindery could keep them together, But the cannon of the Scripture is loaded now with the same ammunition with which would be

with which prophet and apostle loaded it.

Bring me all the Bibles of the earth into
one pile, and blindfold me so that I cannot tell the difference between day and night, and put into my hand any one of all that Alpina mountain of sacred books, and put my finger on the last page of Genesis and let me know it, and I can tell you what is on the next page —namely, the first chapter of Exodus; or while thus blindfolded put my finger on the last chapter of Matthew and let me know it. and I will tell you what is on the next pa-namely, the first chapter of Mark. In t pile of 500,000,000 Bibles there will be no exception. In other words, the book gives me confidence by its supernatural adhesion

of writing to writing.

Evan the stoutest ship sometimes shifts its

cargo, and that is what made our peril the greater in the ship Greece of the Nationa line when the cyclone struck us off the coas of Newfoundland, and the eargo of iron had shifted as the ship swung from larboard to starboard, and from starboard to larboard. But, thanks be to God, this old Bible ship, though it has been in thousands of years of temporary has been in thousands. though it has been in thousands of years of tempest, has kept its cargo of gold and precious stones compact and sure, and in all the centuries nothing about it has shifted. There they stand, shoulder to shoulder, David and Solomon and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Daniel and Hosea and Joel and Amos and Obadiah and Jonah and Micah and Nahum and Habbakkuk and Zephaniah and Haggai and Zechariah and Malachi and Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Paul and Peter, all there, and with a certainty of being there until the heavens, and the earth,

peng there until the heavens and the earth, the creation of which is described in the first book of the Bible, shall have collapsed, and the white horse of the conqueror, described in the last book of the Bible, shall paw the dust in universal demolition. By that tremendous fact my faith is re-earforced.

The discussion is abroad as to who wrote those books of the Bible called the Pentatorsh whether Moses or Hilliph or Eggan. those books of the Bible called the Penta-teuch, whether Moses or Hilkiah, or Ezra or Samuel, or Jeremiah, or another group of ancients. None of them wrote it, God wrote the Pentateuch, and in this day of stenography and typewriting that ought not to be a difficult thing to understand. The great merchants and lawyers, and clittors and business men of our towns and cities and business men of our towns and cities and business men of our towns and cities dictate nearly all their letters; they only sign them after they are dictated. The prophet and evangelist and apostle were Jehovah's stenographers or typewriters. They put down only what God dictated; has signed it afterward. He has been writing his name upon it all through the vicissitudes of centuries.

But I come to the height of my subject when I say the way to re-enforce our faith is when I say the way to re-enforce our faith is to pray for it. So the disciples in my text got their abounding faith. "Lord, increase our faith." Some one suggests, "Do you really think that prayer amounts to anything?" I might as well ask you, is there a line of telegraphic poles from New York to Washington, is there a line of telegraphic wires from Manchester to London, from Cologne to Berlin? All the people who have sent and received messages on those lines know of their existence. So there are millions of souls who have been in constant communication with the capital of the universe, with the throne of the Almighty, with the great God Himself, for years and years and years.

There has not been a day when supplica-tions did not flash up and blessings did not flash down. Will some ignoramus, who has never received a telegram or ramus, who has never received a telegram or sent one, come and tell us that there is no such thing as telegraphic communication? Will some one who has never offered a prayer that was heard and answered come and tell us that there is nothing in prayer? It may not come as we expect it, but as sure as an

not come as we expect it, but as sure as an honest prayer goes up a merciful answer will come down.

During the blizzard of four or five years ago, you know that many of the telegraph wires were prostrated, and I telegraphed to Chicago by way of Liverpool, and the answer after awhile came round by another wide circuit, and so the prayer we offer may come back in a way we never imagined, and if we ask to have our faith increased, although it may come by a widely different process than that which we expected, our confidence will surely be augmented.

Oh, put it in every prayer you ever make between your next breath and your last gasp, "Lord, increase our faith"—faith in Christ

"Lord, increase our faith"—faith in Christ as our personal ransom from present guilt and eternal catastrophe; faith in the omnipotent Holy Ghost; faithin the Bible, the truest volume ever dictated or written or printed or read; faith in adverse providences, harmonized for our best welfare; faith in a judgment day that will set all things right which have for ages been wrong.

Increase our faith, not by a fragile addition, but by an infinitude of recuperation. Let us do as we saw it done in the country while we were yet in our teens, at the old farmhouse after a long drought, and the well had been dried, and the cattle moaned with thirst at the bars, and the meadow brook had ceased to run, and the grass withered, and the corn was shriveled up, and one day there was a growl of thunder, and then a congregation of clouds on the six, and then a starting flash, and then a drenching rain, and father and mother put barrels under every spout at the corners of the heavent at the parkets and barreis under every spout at the corners of the house and set pails and buckets and tubs and pans and pitchers to catch as much as they could of the shower. For in many of our souls there has been a long frought of confidence and in many no faith drought of confidence and in many no anti-at all. Let us set out all our affections, all our hopes, all our contemplations, all our prayers, to catch a mighty shower. "Lord, increase our faith."

like the way that the minister's wid did in Elisha's time, when, after the family being very un'ortunate, her two sons were about to be sold for debt, and she had nothing in the house but a pot of oil, and at Elisha's direction she borrowed from her Elisha's direction she borrowed from her neighbors all the vessels she could borrow, and then began to pour out the oil into toose vessels and kept on pouring until they were all full, and she became an oil merchant with more assets than liabilities, and when she cried, "Bring me yet a vessel," the answer came, "There is not a vessel more." So let us take what oil of faith we have and use it until the supply shall be miraculously mult. us take what off of farth we have and use it until the supply shall be miraculously multiplied. Bring on your empty vessels, and by the power of the Lord Gol of Elisha they shall be filled until they can hold no more of jubilant, all inspiring and triumphant faith.

What a frightful time we had a lew days ago down on the coast of Long Island, where I have been stopping. That archangel of tempest which, with its awful wings, swep the Atlantic coast from Florida to Newfound-land did not spare our region. A few miles away, at Southampton, I saw the bodies of four men whom the storm had slain and the sea had east up. As I stool there among the dead bodies I said to myself, and I said a'oud "These men represent homes. What will mother and father and wife and children say

when they know this?"
Some of the victims were unknown. Only
the first name of two of them was found out -Charley and William. I wondered then and I wonder now if they will remain unknown and if some kindred far away may be waiting for their coming and never hear of the rough way of their going. I saw also one of the three who had come in alive, but more dead than alive. The ship had become helpless six miles out, and as one wave swept the deck and went down on the furnaces till they hissed and went out the cry was, "Oh, my God, we are lost!" Then the crew put on life preservers, one of the sailors saying to the other, "We will meet again on the shore, and, if not, well, we must all go some time."

Of the twenty-three men who put on the Of the twenty-three men who put on the life preservers, only three lived to reach the beach. But what a scene it was as the good and kind people of Southampton, led on by Dr. Thomas, the great and good surgeon of New York, stood watching the sailors stragging in the breakers. "Are you still alive?" shouted Dr. Thomas to one of them out in the breakers, and he signaled yes and them went into unconsciousness. Who should do the most for the poor fellows and how to resuscitate them were the questions that ran up and down the beach at Southampton.

How the men and women on the shore stood wringing their hands, impatiently waiting

ringing their hands, impatiently waiting wringing their hands, impatiently waiting for the sufferers to come within reach, and then they were lifted up and carried indoors and waited on with as much kindness and wrapped as warmly as though they had been the princes of the earth. "Are they alike?" "Are they breathing?" "Do you think they will live?" "What can we do for them?" will live?" "what can we do for them?" will live? What can we do for them? were the rapid and intense questions asked, and so much money was sent for the clothing and equipment of the unfortunates that Dr. Thomas had to make a proclamation that no more money was needed. In other words, all that day it was resuscitation.

And this is the appropriate word for us this morning as we stand and look off upon this morning as we stand and look of upon this awful sea of doubt and unbelief on which hundreds are this moment being wrecked. Some of them were launched by Christian parentage on smooth seas and with promise for prosperous voyage, but a Voltaire cyclone struck them on one side, and a Tom Paine cyclone struck them on the other side, and a had buble cyclone struck them on all sides. bad habit cyclone struck them on all sides, and they have foundered far away from shore, far away from God, and they have gone down or are washed ashore with no spiritual life left in them. But, thank God, there are many here to-

But, thank God, there are many here to-day with enough faith left to encourage us in the effort at their resuscitation. All hands to the beach! With a confidence in God that takes no denial, let us lay hold of them! Fetch them out of the breakers! Bring gos-pel warmth and gospel stimulus and gospel life to their freezing souls! Resuscitation! Resuscitation! Resuscitation !

Apvices from Honolulu by the steamer Australia are to the effect that the financial affairs of the government are prospering.

Suggestion That the Toys of Our Childhood Were Better,

ARE TOYS TOO GOOD?

Men are, after all, only overgrown children. Give your little boy money, and the sweetshop and the toyshop will, too probably, eclipse the mute appeal of the missionary box.

And, when the boy grows up, physcally, if his income a'so grows, he will spend at sweetshop and toyshop. Instead of acid drops he will purchase rare wines and order elaborate dinners; the race game and the clockwork boat will expand the real thoroughbreds and a steam yacht.

Do we really outgrow the taste for sweets and toys? Some of us never have it; some lose it by over-indulgence during youth.

But to the temperate person, whose pocket money has always been limited, are toys and sweets ever wholly without attractions? He is ashamed to be seen openly purchating sugared almonds and chocolate creams, and looking in vain longing at lead soldiers and clockwork trains; but the old delight is not dead.

Even a humble tox of brick; that best of toys, unrolls before his montal vision a prospect of houses, fortre ses, harbors, railway stations, zoological gardens, and all the ingenious constructions of the voung architect, half blocks and half "make-believe."

When I look into the toy-shop windows, as I usually do, it seems to me that children are losing the poetic imagination that transformed a dingy ylay room into a fairyland.

Toys are becoming daily more elab orate, more realistic; less room is left for fiction and romance. Lead so!diers are no longer flat simulacra of humanity, but big, broad, solid and expansive. Cavalrymen sit plumply astride bulging horses; artillery trains, pontoon trains, complete in every detail, replace the improvised substitutes in which I once reveled.

Yet, can the model 81-ton gun give as much satisfaction to the boyish possessor as the fortress artillery I used to contrive out of an old brass cannon, three bricks and the tender of a tin train?-The Sketch.

An Amphibious Boat.

A new Canadian invention for use in the lumber districts is coming into general use in Northern Ontario. It is called a steam warping tug. It propels itself on land as well as on water, and is used by lumbermen whose operations are carried on among small lakes connected by streams of uncertain navigation.

The vessel has proved not only a success, but a great boon to the lumter trade. Six of these unique crafts bave been built by the inventors during the past season, four completed at their yard in Ottawa, and two shipped, ready to be put together at their destination in the Nipissing

They are built in scow shape, with steel-shod runners for moving overland; are thirty-seven feet long, ten feet beam, decked all over, and have sleeping-room for four men in the bow; the bottom and up the bow is covered with steel boiler plate. An engine twenty-two horse power furnishes steam for ten hours' work, with three quarters of a cord of wood.

In the water it moves six miles an hour forward or backward, as required, propelled by side wheels.

On land it is propelled by having a cable drum on which is coiled fiveeighths of a mile of steel wire cable, which is fastened with pu tree or some object in front, the boat moving as the wire is coiled up. The boiler is hung on an axle in the center, and a screw arranged on the front enables the firemen to tip it forward or back, and keep it level going up or down hill. It will move over an elevation of

one foot in three on land, and draws about twenty-eight inches in the water.

The Neck of the House. There are husbands who, among

it supposed that they are just a little tyrannical at home. One such man, who had two or three friends at his home one evening, remarked, as they were chatting together comfortably years," at a rather late hour:-

"Yes, I do what I like at home My wife, she has to bend to my will, I can tell you. In my own house I'm a regular Julius Caesar."

His wife came into the room in time to hear this last sentence. The tyrant of his household looked a little uneasy, but his wife neither frowned nor, apparently, paid any at-

Caesar has got to go to bed." Whereupon the husband arose,

stammered his excuses, and retired, leaving his guests to find their way out as best they could. It was in once remarked to his wife:-"You know, my dear, that I'm the

head of the house." "You may be the head as much as

you like," said the wife, "but I'm the

"The neck? Oh, yes, you may be the neck if you want to, my derr." "Very well. It's the neck that turns the head whichever way it pleases, isn't it?"

WHILE IN THE WAR



I was taken ill with spinal dise see and rheumatism. I went home and was confined to my bed, unable to help myselt for 22 months. After years of misery a compan on machinist advised me to take Ho d's araparilla. I got a bottle and could quickly note a change for the better. After taking 7 bottles I was wel an I have not since been troubled with my old complaints." JAS, A. WHEELER, 19 0 D vision St., ifaltimore, Md.

Hood's sarsa Cures



WRECK ON THE RAIL

Eleven Persons Killed Near the Town of Kinsbury, Ind.

TWENTY BADLY INJURED

A Frakeman Mistakenly Turned a Switch and Sent a Fast Express Train Crashing Into a Freight Train Standing On a Side Track-Boller Explodes.

Eleven persons lost their lives in a collision between a freight train and the Toronto and Montreal express on the Wabash railroad, at Kingsbury, Ind., at 5.30 o'clock the other morning. A score of others were injured, many of whom will die. The freight was on a siding west of the deplot and was bound east. The first section of the express train passed by on the main track at 8.25 A. M. Herbert Thompson, brakeman, suppos-

ing that the freight train would next move, ran back to open the switch before the cars had begun to move. The second section of the fast express came west at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour and before the brakeman could turn the switch dashed into the sidetrack and collided with the freight train. The wreck was complete and the houses for miles around were filled with dead and

The Toronto and Montreal express was due in Chicago at 7.15 A. M. The freight train lay on a side track to allow the express to pass. Ten minutes later the accident had occurred and the most frightful scenes ensued. The passenger locomotive struck the freight engine at full speed and the two machines lay jammed together, their boilers meeting end to end. The force of the col-I'sion drove the freight engine back against the box cars, completely demclishing the first three. The passenger angine was partially stopped

by the collision and the baggage car, smoker, day coach and one sleeper were telescoped. The rest of the coaches pile i up on top of each other in a tangled mass of wood and iron. The passengers, who were nearly all asleep, awoke to meet an awful death, serious injuries, or witness the indescribable suffer ing of their less fortunate companions.

The boiler of the passenger engine ex plode I and hurled debris in every direction. A pair of trucks were tora apart and each half sent flying in opposite directions. Toe steam escaped, scalding the injured who were unable to crawl to a place of safety. News of the accident was received at head-

quarters of the road at six o'clock and Di vision Euperintendent Gould and Trainmaster C. A. Timewell were brought to the scene with a wrecking crew. When they ar. rived the citizens of Kingsbury had carried away the dead and injured who could be reached. The Masonic Hall was turned into a

morgue and drays and farmers' wagons were kept busy for two hours houling the dead and wounded to the village, a mile distant from the station, where medical help and nurses were summoned.

Division Superintendent Gould admitted that the freight brakeman, Herbert Thompson, was to blame for the accident. He turned the switch in the face of the express and let it go on the sidetrack where the freight train was standing. "How he could make such a mistake," said Mr. Gould, "I cannot understand. The first section had gotten by all right. Then he ran back to the switch and in spite of the fact that no other section was in sight, he opened the to nine awitch for the purpose, I suppose, of letting the one train cut. The express then ran on to the side track, and as the freight engine was but a short distance from the switch rails there was no time to stop. The sections were twelve miles apart. Brakeman Thompson was a trusted man of more than

average intelligence. Trainmaster Timewell was on the firs section that passed Kingsbury in safety. "It was all Thompson's blunder," said he. "I noticed that the first section signaled the waiting freight train that there was another train coming, and it was answered 'two' by their male companions, like to have the freight engineer, showing the signal was understood, and yet Thompson, whom I have not seen yet, opened that switch. It was an awful blunder. This In the first life lost on this division of the Wabash in six

A FAMILY MURDERED.

Robb ry Supposed to Have Bein the Motive of The Crim:

In Harrison township, Ind., the entire family of I enson Wraiton was murdered. A neighbor went to the Wralton residence to tention to the remark. But, after a inquire as to the health of Wralton, who has moment, she remarked very posi- been ill for several weeks. The front door being locked, he went to the back door. "Gentlemen, it is late, and Julius Upon the floor in a puddle of blood lay Mrs. Wralton, wife of Denson Wralton. He hurried to the nearest neighbors, and several of them accompanied him to the house.

In the room adjoining that in which Mrs. Wraitron lay, they found the father and husanother household that the husband band dead. In the same room was the three children-two of them dead and the other so seriously injured that she cannot live. The children killed were a little boy, three years old, and his sister, eleven years old. In a front room, Mr. Warlton's mothe , nged s'xty-three, was found lying on the floor dead. Her left hand was cut off and the left broken. All of the murdered people had deep, ugly

wounds on the foreheads with the exception of the girl, who had been struck on the back of the head. The old lady is said to have had considerable money in the bouse, having drawn it f om the bank during the recent money stringency, and this, it is thought, was the motive of the murders. There is not the slightest clew to the murderer. Bloodhounds arrived from Seymour and will be put on the trail,

REVOLT IN ARGENTINE.

The Radicals in the Southern Republic Imitate Their Brazilian Brethren. The situation remains critical. The Presi-

dent and his Ministers conferred all night in the Government House. Thirty conspicuous Radicals were arrested. The charge against them is conspiracy to overthrow the Govern ment. All have been placed aboard warships. Dr. Alem, leader of the Radicals, has fled to escape arrest.

The national troops in the long disturbed Province of Corrientes have gone over to the Insurgents. The iron gunboats Bermejo and Repu lica, stationed in the Parana River, have joined the anti Government force. The President has ordered that the whole national guard be mobilized throughout the country to stop progress of the revolt.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U S. Gov't Report.

Li Hung Chang.

Li Hung Chang, viceroy of China, says a writer in Frank Leslie's Weekly, does not live in Peking, but has his palace in Tien-Tsin (ninety miles from the capital), where he is sursounded by his armies, and has his fleet near at hand.

It is well known that the members of the Summi Yamen, (Grand Council of the Empire), who sat in Poking, have the most profound hatred for the viceroy, and have tried several times to get rid of him by means which would recall those used in the Midd'e Ages. But Li Hung Chang is too well guarded in Tien-Tsin. Every attempt has been a failure, and after several of them the heathens in office came to the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to get the viceroy to come to Peking.

They demonstrated to the Emperor and his mother that Li Hung Chang's ambition might lead him to overthrow the actual dynasty and make himself a monarch, and that it was quite necessary to have him live in Peking, where the Summi Yamen would watch him.

The Emperor saw the imaginary danger and ordered the viceroy to make his headquarters in Peking. He did not even answer.

Two orders were sent, the last being so imperative that he answered at once:

"I am coming. Arrange quarters for the fifteen thousand soldiers I take with me." One can easily imagine the alarm

the Summi Yamen when they heard of those fifteen thousand soldiers, and they answered promptly: "Stay where you are by all means,

of the Emperor and the members of

Li Hung Chang may be considered the most liberal and most progressive man in the Chinese Empire.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a

and keep your soldiers away."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local decaye, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Half's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 1 drops to a tenspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars frank case it falls to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address

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gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



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flora. Along the coast it is tropical

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land, and mountainous. There the

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